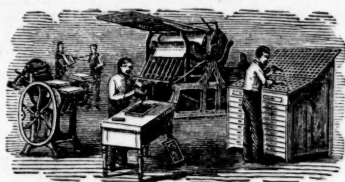


THE SILENT WORKER.



VOL. III.

TRENTON, N. J., THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1890.

NO. 20.

FALLING LEAVES.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

When winter winds are wailing,
And death rides on the breeze
With icy breath assailing
The stark and sapless trees.
It grieves us not to see—
For 'tis their time to die,
And with all nature wither—
The leaves that round us fly.

But when the day is teeming
With life, and love, and light,
And in our path is beaming
The sun-ray of delight,
It saddens us to see—
O, 'tis a mournful thing,
They should untimely perish;
The leaves that fall in spring.

What though young life has parted
From earth, ere spring has passed;
Or old and weary hearted
It yields to winter's blast?
Grieve not but humbly bend,
Submissive to the call;
Nor scorn their simple teaching—
The leaves that round us fall.

The Court Adjourned.

"It was seven years ago," said C. R. H. Davis to a St. Louis *Republic* man, "that I saw justice turn from tragedy to farce in a twinkling. It was in one of those pine-board court-houses of the mining regions that I, as foreman of a jury, led my colleagues out, and with a long face pronounced the verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree upon the prisoner. Then I sat down, my chair tilted against the window, and listened to the stern decree of the Court: 'To hang by the neck until dead.' Just then three pals of the condemned man walked in with loaded guns, and the sentence was never finished. I dropped back through the window, the Court followed, and the prisoner never has been seen to this day."

Mr. "Ten Minutes."

A touching story is told of the late Prince Napoleon. He had joined the English army, and was one day at the head of a squad riding horseback outside of the camp. It was a dangerous situation. One of the company said: "We had better return. If we don't hasten we may fall into the hands of the enemy." "Oh," said the Prince, "let us stay here ten minutes and drink our coffee." Before the ten minutes had passed a company of Zulus had come upon them, and in the skirmish the Prince lost his life. His mother, when informed of the facts, in her anguish said: "That was his great mistake from babyhood. He never wanted to go to bed at night in time, nor to arise in the morning. He was ever pleading for ten minutes more. When too sleepy to speak he would lift up his two hands and spread out his ten fingers, indicating that he wanted ten minutes more. On this account I sometimes called him 'Mr. Ten Minutes.'"

How many have lost not only their lives, but their precious, immortal souls, by this sin of procrastination! When God calls we should promptly obey.—*Exchange.*

DOCTOR MARIGOLD.

A Romance of a Kind Father and Loving Friend.

How He Purchased a Little Deaf and Dumb Girl From Her Inhuman Father and Educated Her.

One of the prettiest stories about the deaf and dumb is Charles Dickens's little romance, which we condense for our readers, entitled:

DOCTOR MARIGOLD.

To begin with, Doctor Marigold was not a doctor at all, but a Cheap Jack, that is, a sort of travelling peddler. He had a caravan, as the English call it—that is, a big covered wagon—which contained his stock in trade, and in which he lived with his family. When he came to a village he would stop over night and in the evening he would sell his goods by auction, and as he was witty and lively, in a rough way, he could generally draw a crowd and sell a good many things at a profit. He had a wife and a little girl. The wife was neat and industrious, but had a terrible temper, and would often beat the poor child cruelly. Sophy, the little girl, was very fond of her father, and he was very kind to her. When she was about six years old, she took a fever and wasted away slowly for weeks. She would not let her cruel mother once touch her, but wanted her father to hold her all the time in his arms. One evening she was much worse, but as poor "Doctor" was out of money, he was obliged to go out before the crowd of careless people and try to sell something, to get a little money to buy food. His little Sophy would not be left alone, so he took her, sick as she was, in his arms, and held her while he was chattering and bargaining with the rough crowd. He pretended to them that this was his little magician who told him what they wanted to buy, but every little while he would whisper to her to ask how she felt, and would give her a kiss. At last he turned to go into the caravan, but his dear little daughter lay dead in his arms. Now that the little one was gone, the cruel mother began to feel remorse for her harshness, and one day when they passed a village where an angry woman was beating a little girl with long dark hair like their little Sophy's, the wretched woman almost swooned with the pain of remembering how she used to torture her own little daughter. That night she drowned herself in the river, and now the poor Cheap Jack was all alone in the world.

Of course, all kinds of travelling shows flock wherever there is a fair or any great gathering of people, and Doctor Marigold, having no one at home, began to make acquaintances with other travelling people like himself. One of his new friends was a

giant who travelled in one of these shows, and who was called "Rinaldo di Vascama, the Roman," though his real name was Pickleson. He was an amiable fellow, though timid and slow (as it is said giants are apt to be), and he confided to Marigold that it made him miserable to see how Mims, the man who owned the show, abused his poor little deaf-mute daughter. The unnatural father seemed to hate his poor afflicted child and often said that he wished he could get rid of her. The kind hearted Cheap Jack, seeing the little girl, was struck with her resemblance to his own lost darling, and longed to save her from her cruel father. One day he offered to buy her, and Mims agreed to let him have her for a pair of braces, he cared so little for her. So she came into Marigold's possession, and he named her Sophy after his own daughter, and treated her very kindly. She was very bright and affectionate and soon they invented, between them, a little language of signs, in which they could talk quite freely. After puzzling his brain how to teach her to read, Doctor Marigold hit on a plan. He wrote C A R T on a piece of pasteboard and nailed it on the cart, and so on. But after a while he made up his mind that she ought to go to a school for the deaf and dumb, so he took her to an institution and left her there for two years. She was very bright and studied very hard. When he came for her she was delighted to see him, and he took her once more with him on the road. He loved her as if she was his own child, and had books for her to read and did all he could to make her happy. So it went on until she had grown to be a woman. One evening the Cheap Jack noticed a man just walking away from his caravan. He called to him, but the man did not hear. The next evening he waited near the wagon, and he saw a young man come near and talk in signs with Sophy. He asked her to marry him and go with him to India where he would have a position as clerk. She said no; she loved him, but she never could leave her dear kind Doctor Marigold, to whom she owed everything. With that Doctor Marigold came forward and told Sophy he would not stand in the way of her happiness. So the young man married Sophy and they went to India to live. Now poor Doctor Marigold was lonely indeed, especially as he was getting old. After a year or so, he got a letter from Sophy, saying that she had a dear little baby daughter, but she did not know whether or not it would be deaf like its parents. After that he did not hear from her for several years. One Christmas eve, five or six years after that, he was sitting alone in his cart after a hearty supper, and thinking of his dear Sophy when he heard a knock at the door and there was a lovely little girl with long black curls, who called out "Grandfather!" "Bless me," cried the Cheap Jack, "it is Sophy's little girl, and

she can speak." Sophy and her husband were there, and after an exchange of hugs and kisses their fingers were soon flying to tell that the husband had now a good position in England, and that the good kind Cheap Jack should have his home with them as long as he lived. And of all the people in the three kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland, there were not four who, that year, had a better right than Doctor Marigold and his family to claim for themselves a MERRY CHRISTMAS.

A Deaf and Dumb Sculptor.

A deaf and dumb sculptor named Van Louy de Canter has recently obtained two prizes, one a silver medal with a ribbon of Belgian colours, and a second class award for the best work in marble, the second a bronze medal; he has also an honourable certificate from the Belgian Exhibition of 1880. It is encouraging to hear of his success and to know that by devotion to his art he will be a credit to his country and to his numerous friends among the deaf and dumb.

A Poet's Princely Revenue.

The late Martin F. Tupper was ridiculed a good deal during his lifetime, but his poetry was pure and his life was cleanly, and now that he is dead even his critics have some kindly words for him and his work. It is understood that Tupper never received but \$400 from America, but it is estimated that if he had had a copyright he would have got fully half a million. For many years he enjoyed a princely revenue from his English publishers, considerably in excess of the profits accruing to Tennyson, the Brownings and Longfellow all put together.—*Frank Leslie.*

The Possibilities of Life.

We are put here to secrete something everlasting out of nature. The opportunities are rich, but it is the capacity, the fiber, that determines whether we shall do it, for nature contributes to our life, not primarily according to its bounty, but according to the filaments in us that will solicit and incorporate its bounty. One man absorbs mathematical truth out of the heavens, while side by side with him a mortal exists that organizes nothing grand or stately into his constitution—just as the mushroom can do no more than hoist its plaited parasol out of the same ground, and in the same sunlight, from which the oak seed imbibed slowly its tremendous strength. Another man draws to himself the wisdom printed in the granite leaves beneath us, which earthquakes have turned for our benefit, and shows that he has ennobled his life by it. A third wins a divine thought, hinted in the old bones which the globe entombs; while a fourth fastens on history, and compels the laws of it to filter through facts into his reason.—*Starr King.*

The ♦ Silent ♦ Worker.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH

AT THE

New Jersey School for Deaf-Mutes.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

TRENTON, JANUARY 30, 1890.

A CIRCLE of the King's Daughters has been formed among the pupils of this school. This is an association, as we understand it, of girls and women who agree to do what they can to help others. They wear as a badge a silver Maltese cross, with the letters I. H. N., which stands for "In His Name." The association is not connected with any church, but it is Christian in its spirit, and as its motto implies, the members aim at doing good in the name of the Heavenly King whose daughters they are, and so all women are their sisters. It is a very good plan to have our pupils learn to do something for others. They receive a great deal from the State, and they ought to be willing to do what they can for those who need help which they can give. "Freely ye have received, freely give." They may not be able to give much money, but their sympathy and kind deeds are just as valuable as costly gifts, when offered sincerely and "In His Name."

GOVERNOR GREEN has filled the office of Quartermaster General, made vacant by the death of General Lewis Perrine, by the appointment of Colonel Richard A. Donnelly, of Trenton, the commandant of the Seventh Regiment. Colonel Donnelly is no mere holiday soldier, having served in the rebellion from the very outset. He was wounded in the Peninsular campaign and was taken prisoner. He was exchanged after a confinement of several months in Libby Prison, and was honorably discharged for disability. After his health was restored he engaged in business, and now conducts a fine retail clothing and furnishing store, which has a large and successful trade. He was twice elected to the Legislature, and twice Mayor of Trenton. He has been active as a member of the militia, and has risen through all the grades to his present high rank. He is considered one of the best officers in the whole force, and gained much credit as Major of the Provisional Battalion at the Yorktown centennial celebration, which took the prize for being the most soldierly organization there. Gen. Donnelly is the beau ideal of a soldier in appearance, and is thoroughly popular on account of his kindness, courtesy and generosity.

THE funeral services of Miss S. D. Yard were held at the residence of her mother, 45 Astor Place, Jersey City, at seven o'clock in the evening of Tuesday, Dec. 17th. The remains

were taken for interment to Haverstraw, N. Y., where her father is buried. The address was delivered by Miss Yard's pastor, Rev. J. Y. Dobbins, of the State Street M. E. Church, Trenton, who spoke appropriately and feelingly of Miss Yard's Christian character, and of her many amiable and interesting traits. He said that during her last illness a friend read to her a poem of Whittier's of which the following is the last stanza:

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

The lines seemed to comfort her, and in the few days that she lived after that she repeated, over and over, the words "I cannot drift." The last time that Mr. Dobbins saw her in life, she called at his house and Mrs. Dobbins gave her a silken banner with a verse of poetry painted in golden letters on it. The banner was meant to be hung in a guest chamber, and the poetry was addressed to the guest. The last line was:

Sleep sweet—Good night; Good night!

THIS school is now well supplied with books in a certain line, and although they are not of the kind usually known as school-books, we think they will prove as useful in our classes as anything in the way of print and pictures could be. All the children's favorite stories are among the number—Robinson Crusoe, The Forty Thieves, Aladdin and the rest, told in simple language and illustrated with colored pictures. Of each of these there are enough to supply a whole class, and it is the intention to use them for reading lessons in school time. Then there are other juvenile books, printed in large type and full of pictures, telling of children's life in the household, and at play and on the farm. By carefully going over the whole mass of juvenile publications, a selection has been made as well adapted to the needs of our younger pupils as if the books had been specially written for deaf-mutes. For older pupils there are books on Natural History, Grimm's and Andersen's Fairy Tales, and Coffin's very interesting stories of United States History. We hope for an increase of interest and for more rapid improvement on the part of our pupils from the addition to our school material.

WE ARE sorry to learn that the Convention of Teachers of the Deaf is not to be held in New York this summer, but has been postponed until 1892, so that it can be held in connection with the proposed World's Fair. This postponement seems to us injudicious for several reasons. We think it doubtful whether there will be any World's Fair in 1892; if there is one, we doubt whether it will be held in New York, and if there is a World's Fair in New York in 1892, it seems to us that that is a good

reason for preferring to hold the National Convention at some other time. The year of a World's Fair, or Universal Exposition, would be a favorable time for holding some kind of convention of those interested in the education of the deaf, in which all countries might take part, but, as we have said, we think it a mistake to put off the regular quadrennial meeting of our National Convention so as to make it come at the same time with this great crush and jam of people. Besides, for a body which purports to give its members a chance to meet more than once in a life-time, four years is a long enough interval between meetings. Still, if the decision is final, we will wait till 1892, and then do our best to make the convention a success.

OUR holiday recess this year was extended over two full weeks, and a larger number of pupils than usual availed themselves of it, only about twenty-five remaining at the school. Christmas Day was celebrated by a dinner worthy of the occasion. A pretty tree was lighted at five o'clock, and, after some sign recitations, the gifts, consisting of picture books, toys, candy and fruit, were distributed. At eight o'clock an entertainment, consisting of shadow pantomime, was given in the chapel, and the pupils enjoyed it very much. Throughout the recess the pupils who remained were required to attend school as usual, partly to keep up discipline and partly to avoid throwing extra work on the supervisors, who have to take care of the pupils when out of school. The teachers took turns, two at a time, in conducting the school work, each one being on duty two days during recess. On New Year's Day we received a call from Mr. Chapman, one of our Trustees whom the pupils are always glad to see, but on this occasion he was not only very pleasant himself, but he was in the most delightful company. He brought two big boxes of dolls—not of the cheap and nasty kind, but dolls with lovely long hair and red cheeks—waterproof too, like the color in our girls' cheeks, and with joints that move in every direction. Every girl who was here got one, and there were some left over for the tots who were away. All had a good vacation, and we hope they all are ready now for hard work.

Whiskey Causes Death.

The inmates of the Texas Institution had a tragic sensation on Christmas Day. The head cook, named Charles Dorsey, had been on a spree the day before, and on Christmas morning he was still drunk enough to be ugly. The superintendent sent him to his room, and he went there, put on his best suit, went into another room and blew out his brains. He is said to have been a good workman, but whiskey was his ruin, as it has been of many another man. "Beware of the bottle!"

Calendar for 1890.

We have received from the Missouri Deaf-Mutes' Record a very neat calendar for 1890, gotten up in the office of that paper. It does credit to the institution where it is published.

Taught To Make Mathematical Instruments.

Hon. Charles Trefz, of Newark, who paid a visit to this school on the 22d instant, informs us that a friend of his visited a school for deaf-mutes in Sweden, (we think at Upsala), where the pupils are trained to manufacture mathematical instruments. It is said that they have unusual patience and skill, which are, of course, necessary in such fine work.

"The National Game" Sold.

Mr. Douglas Tilden, the gifted young sculptor whom the Directors of the California Institution sent to Paris, has sold for \$2,500 his statue, "The National Game," which represents a base-ball pitcher in the act of delivering a ball. It will be remembered that this statue was admitted to the Paris Salon, and was favorably spoken of by the critics. Mr. Tilden's success as a sculptor now seems to be fully assured.

Sentence Suspended.

Samuel Rodenbough, a deaf-mute living at Phillipsburg, was indicted by the Grand Jury of Warren county for assault and battery on his brother-in-law, Mr. James Bachmann. His trial was set for Tuesday, January 14th, at Belvidere. Mr. Jenkins, our superintendent, went up to act as interpreter at the trial. The young man was found guilty, but sentence was suspended, as it seemed doubtful whether he is sane. Perhaps he may be sent to an insane asylum. It is thought that excessive cigarette smoking has impaired his mind.

To be Attracted by Electricity.

A novel use of electricity is reported from the deaf-mute schools in France. Every teacher of the deaf is often put to much inconvenience by the difficulty of attracting the attention of one pupil without disturbing the rest of the class. For instance, the pupils are working at arithmetic and the teacher, sitting at her desk, wishes to call one of them to her. Or, she is explaining something to the class, and one is not looking. To attract the attention of the one pupil whose eye she wishes to catch, she must either tap on the floor with a rod, thus disturbing the whole class, or she must interrupt herself by going across the room to the pupil. The new electric system consists of an arrangement of wires, supplied with electricity from a constant battery, and leading from a keyboard on the teacher's desk to the little foot stools on which the pupils rest their feet. By pressing on one of the buttons of the keyboard, a little wooden clapper will be made to tap briskly on the foot-stool of the seat whose number corresponds to that of the button which is pressed. The pupil at that seat feels the tap and looks up, but the other pupils are not aware of any noise or blow or shock, and keep on with their work.

The device seems very ingenious, but we are inclined to think as the man did when his wife presented him with their first baby: "It is very nice, but there are so many other things we need a great deal more!"

CONTRIBUTED BY PUPILS.

Matters Interesting to Them
Written for the Silent
Worker.

JAMES R. WORTH.

Yesterday Walter Hartman caught a pretty yellow bird in the cedar tree. It is a canary bird. Walter gave it to Mr. Whalen and he will take it home if he does not find the owner.

PAUL NEIDERMAN.

Annie has a brood of chickens. They are white. They fly upon her shoulders and they stand on her shoulders. She likes them. She gives the food to them. Annie has names for the pretty chickens. She calls the pretty chickens after her friends.

ALFRED KING.

In St. Louis, last Thursday, an electric wire fell to the ground as Mr. and Mrs. Smith walked along with their little dog. The little dog touched the wire and was instantly killed and Mrs. Smith went to her little dog. She did not see the electric light wire on the ground and she stepped on it and it shocked her. Her husband sprang over the wire to get her up and she was restored to consciousness by a physician. In another part of the city a horse stepped on an electric light wire and was instantly killed.

FRANCIS PURCELL.

Horace Greeley was born in Amherst, N. H., February 3d, 1811. He was the famous editor of the *New York Tribune*. When he was two years of age, he began to study the newspapers given him for amusement and he learned to spell any word in the English Language, and geography and arithmetic. He was determined to be a printer. When he was eleven years old he walked nine miles to ask the editor of a paper to give him a job. He was a Congressman, and served in 1848 and 1849. He died in November, 1872.

CHARLIE HUMMER.

The first game of foot-ball was played in England, but I don't know in what year. The Rugby School had the first team who became very famous for playing it. The Yale team used to be the most famous team in the United States. Last year the Princeton team won the Inter-college League championship. They are now the strongest college foot-ball team in the United States. Mrs. Brown, a teacher of this school went to see the Princeton-Yale game on last Thanksgiving Day. The game is very exciting and dangerous. Sometimes the game makes people afraid to see it. Sometimes accidents occur, a player is killed or seriously injured by a terrible kick. We boys have a leather foot-ball and we often play with it in our back yard, and we have lots of fun every day with it. When I leave school I will go to see the college foot-ball and it will be an exciting game.

New Way to Make a Living.

Mr. James W. Stratton, of 1748 Ninth avenue, New York, is a deaf-mute who has found out a new way to make a living. He gives an entertainment with Punch and Judy marionettes, the conversation, of course, being pantomime. Dr. Gallaudet and others who have employed him say that he entertains children (and older people too for that matter), very satisfactorily.

Invented by a Deaf-Mute.

Mr. Henry Haight, of New York, is one of the most gifted and most enterprising deaf-mutes in this country. Although possessed of ample means, he has no taste for a life of idleness, and works harder than most men who have to support themselves by their own labor. In his youth he applied himself zealously to the study of art, and using the opportunities afforded by foreign travel to improve his taste and to learn the method of the best schools, he became a painter of considerable excellence. Of late years, however, he has given more attention to practical and scientific matters, and has made a number of useful inventions. Among these are an improved incubator, capable of hatching 20,000 eggs, a hen-coop, for which he received a gold medal at the National Poultry Exhibition, and a thermostat or contrivance for maintaining a uniform heat in one apartment. All these inventions have proved profitable, and he is now engaged in perfecting an electrical invention which he thinks will be a great thing. It is such examples as these that we wish our pupils to follow. If there were more deaf-mutes like Mr. Haight, the prejudice against this class of persons would soon disappear.

"Gentlemen's Corner."

The superintendent is having a room furnished with carpet and nice furniture and curtains, to be occupied by the five boys who have the highest marks in department and studies. Each week the pupils' standing will be gone over, and the fortunate boys selected for the room for the week ensuing. Now, boys, if you can not give the rules and your lessons proper observance for the sake of right, nor yet not for the satisfaction of having 100 published opposite your names, at least strive to hold a place in "gentlemen's corner." —*Mississippi Voice*.

Restored to Health.

One of our pupils, Mary Jane McGuire, was taken severely ill with inflammatory rheumatism on the 17th of December, and, by direction of the Trustees, was taken, on the next day, to St. Francis' Hospital. She received the best medical treatment and the kindest care, and came back to us on the 27th, quite restored to health. We are very sorry to learn that her brother, a young man of nineteen, who lives in Paterson, was run over by the cars, and had one of his feet cut off.

Mr. Hodgson Lectures.

Mr. E. A. Hodgson, of New York, spoke before the Chirological Lyceum on Wednesday evening on "A very live topic." He gave an interesting sketch of the development of the art of printing, and entertained his audience with numerous anecdotes of the strategy of prominent newspaper and book publishers in "beating" their rivals. The "Lyceum" is to be congratulated upon the enterprise it exhibits in securing such excellent lecturers. —*Silent World*.

To Have Electric Lights.

Dr. Gillett has contracted with the Edison Company for a new 500 light dynamo, and to fit up all the buildings and rooms with electric light appliances. About 600 electric light lamps will be required. We already have over one hundred. —*Advance*.

THE SIGN LANGUAGE.

Diversity of Opinion Regarding
Its Use.

We have long been inclined to doubt the value of the sign language in the education of the deaf, but we try to keep our minds open to admit facts, even when they tell against our own theories. We are reminded by the death of Rev. Mr. Syle that his example and his opinions form a very strong argument for those who defend the general use of signs in our institutions. In the school where he was taught up to the time when he entered college, signs were freely used, and his instructor used to maintain, not only that signs were indispensable in the education of the deaf, but that hearing children ought to learn the sign language. Mr. Syle himself believed strongly in the value of sign instruction in his own education, and he held the sign language to be the best means for acting on the feelings and imagination of the deaf. In conversation with those who could converse in either English or signs with equal facility, he often used the sign language by preference, although he had perfect fluency and unusual felicity in the use of language.

There is a familiar story of a man who, stammering badly, asked the owner of a parrot whether the bird could talk. "If he didn't talk better than you do," was the reply, "I would wring his neck." Similarly, Mr. Syle might have replied to most of those who regard signs as an obstacle to the education of the deaf (if he had not been too modest and too courteous to do so), that signs had not prevented him from learning a great deal more than his opponents had done.

But these questions cannot be settled by a single case, however striking. Mr. Syle was a man of extraordinary gifts, his associations were with people of refinement and culture, he enjoyed the personal instruction of a singularly enthusiastic teacher, and he bent himself to the acquisition of knowledge, from his earliest years with an industry and perseverance which knew no limits but those of his power of physical endurance. Such a man would have distinguished himself anywhere and under any system of instruction. What we want to know is, what system is best adapted to the great mass of our pupils, who are not particularly bright, who have not much liking for study, and who will, for the most part, associate with people whose tastes and attainments do not enable them to assist others in mental progress.

Another Deaf-Mute to the Front.

Mrs. Maggie Jones, a deaf-mute young lady of New York, took the prize of a silver card case, offered by Messrs. Tiffany & Co. for the best design for silver engraving.

General Donnelly's Gift.

General Donnelly has kindly given to this school enough copies of a very pretty illustrated story book to supply all our younger children. The book is called "Our Story Book," and it is so good that it is used by some of our teachers as a reading book. The pupils appreciate the kindness, and wish the General success.

A Memorial Proposed.

It is proposed to make a memorial to Rev. Mr. Syle. The kind is not decided yet, but the one most talked of is a parish building, which the late pastor was projecting. Rev. Mr. Syle did not advocate statues as memorials, where large sums of money were involved, and hence the building of that kind seems the more fitting.

Rescued From a Pond.

Telyie Ibrabem a little maiden from Northern Syria says the *Philadelphia Record*, is among the pupils in the Deaf and Dumb school in this city. She was thrown into a pond, and when rescued by the missionaries, was found to be totally deaf. For the purpose of advancing her education she was brought to this city and placed in the institution at Broad and Pine streets.

Sketch of Abbe de l'Epee.

The Catholic *Home Almanac*, published by Messrs. Benziger Brothers, gives more than half a column to an account of the World's Congress of the Deaf, held in Paris last summer, and to a sketch of the Abbe de l'Epee, with an excellent wood cut of that noble priest. Abbe Charles Michael de l'Epee was born in 1712 and died in 1789. He began the work of teaching deaf-mutes in the year 1755. He was one of the most unselfish men that ever lived. He even denied himself firewood in the dead of winter, so that he might have money to spend upon his deaf pupils. When they found this out, they came to him with tears in their eyes, and begged him to buy wood for himself, saying they would rather suffer themselves than that he should suffer. The Empress of Russia admired him and offered him a large sum of money to come to Russia and teach the deaf-mutes there, but he refused. He worked for the love of God and of his fellow men, not for money. No wonder the deaf all over the world honor his memory.

Parisians Great Drinkers.

If anything is true of deaf-mutes, it is that they are sharp observers, and that very little escapes their eyes, even when they don't well know how to interpret what they see. It follows that an educated, intelligent person of this class, especially when he has had a training in art work, must be interesting and instructive when he recounts his experiences in travelling in foreign countries. Just now the *Berkeley California News* is enriched almost weekly by a letter from Mr. D' Estrella, who attended the World's Congress of the Deaf in Paris last summer. In his last letter he remarks upon the drinking habits of the French (or rather of the Parisians), and while he agrees with the majority of travellers that there is very little drunkenness to be seen in Paris, compared to what there is in London, he remarks that there seem to be a great many Parisians who drink as much as many drunkards do, yet without ever being intoxicated. The secret of it seems to be that they do the most of their drinking at meals, and that they never gulp down a large dose of fiery liquors at once, as English and Americans do. This is, no doubt, less injurious than the American way, but if any one believes that it does no harm to drink large quantities of liquor every day, for years together, he will find out his mistake sooner or later.

OUR GREAT MISFORTUNE.**The Death of the Rev. Henry Winter Syle a Sad Blow.**

Rev. Henry Winter Syle, A. M., Diocesan Missionary to the Deaf, and Rector of All Souls' Church, died at his residence in Philadelphia, on Monday, January 6th, of an attack of the prevailing influenza, developing into acute pneumonia.

In point of scholarship and literary ability Mr. Syle was probably the most eminent deaf-mute in this country, if not in the world, and there was no person in the United States whose death would have been a greater loss to the cause of the deaf than is his.

Mr. Syle was born in 1847, in China, where his father was for many years a missionary, but he was sent to America at an early age for education. His early schooling was under Prof. Bartlett, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and in 1862 he entered Trinity College, Hartford. His studies were interrupted by illness, and in 1867 he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, England, where, after one year, he won a scholarship by his high standing in mathematics. Again ill health obliged him to suspend his studies, and in 1869 he returned to America, and was engaged by Dr. Peet as a teacher in the N. Y. Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. The next year he applied to the Faculty of Yale College to be examined for the degree of A. B., and he secured the diploma with high praise for his scholarship after a severe written examination on all the studies of the college course. While still teaching in the N. Y. Institution Mr. Syle pursued a course of study in the Columbia College School of Mines, and after graduating, resigned his position as teacher to accept a responsible place in the Philadelphia Mint, where his skill as a chemist and a mathematician, and his knowledge of French, German and Italian, made him exceptionally valuable. While here, he interested himself in religious work among the deaf-mutes of the city, and took up the study of theology, following the course of the Episcopal Divinity School. After completing his studies he was ordained successively deacon and priest, by Right Rev. Bishop Stevens, who was thus the first to establish the precedent that a deaf-mute may be admitted to holy orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Mr. Syle resigned his position at the Mint and entered on the work of the ministry, at first as an assistant at St. Stephen's Church, but later as pastor of a little flock of deaf-mutes gathered by his own efforts, who took the name of All Souls' Church. After much hard work and amid many discouragements, they secured in 1887 a building of their own, and, chiefly through Mr. Syle's untiring energy, the house was fully paid for and tastefully furnished for the services of the church. In connection with the church Mr. Syle organized many branches of work among the deaf, such as night schools, debating societies and reading clubs, while at the same time he visited, at regular intervals, the deaf persons scattered throughout Eastern Pennsylvania and Western New Jersey, holding services in the larger towns. Within

the last year he had taken up the work of establishing a Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes in Philadelphia, and, no doubt, if his life had been spared, he would have accomplished the design, which we hope, other hands may still carry out.

Had he been less constantly at work in enterprises of a philanthropic and missionary nature, Mr. Syle, with his wealth of learning and his ready command of a clear and elegant style, would have become more widely known as an author. It was a marvel to see the rapidity with which his pencil would cover a sheet of paper with brilliant conversation, abounding in witticisms, incisive sayings and allusions to points in history and literature. Much of his penciled conversation, consigned at once to the scrap basket, would bear printing as well as the Table Talk of Rogers, or the best impromptus of Theodore Hook. The principal literary works of his with which we are acquainted are the article on the Deaf and Dumb in Appleton's Cyclopaedia, edited in 1874-1876, and his scholarly Retrospect of the Education of the Deaf. Possibly he may have left manuscripts which will be published hereafter.

Mr. Syle was married in 1872 to Margaret J. Flannery, a deaf lady, one of his former pupils, who, with three children, survives him. When we consider that Mr. Syle, in addition to his deafness, was of a delicate constitution and subject to frequent and severe attacks of headache, we must allow that only unusual and untiring energy would have enabled him to do such a life work. The deaf-mutes of this country owe it to themselves to keep his memory fresh and to pay it all the honor due to high talent, spotless character and unselfish devotion to the good of others.

Three New Ones.

We have received from the South Carolina Institution a copy of their little paper, the *Palmetto Leaf*. It is well printed and contains a good deal that is interesting about the school and about the deaf in general. We are glad to add the *Leaf* to our exchange list.

We have received a copy of the *Sunny Climate*, published at Dallas, Texas, and have placed it on our exchange list. The *Sunny Climate* is published by two semi-mute ladies, and seems to be devoted to the consideration of La Grippe, the late Jefferson Davis, and the doctrine of eternal punishment. It is profusely illustrated with wood cuts, which we can confidently pronounce the worst in existence.

We have received the first number of the *Silent Educator*, a monthly periodical devoted to the education of the deaf. It is published at Flint, Michigan, by Messrs. Monroe & Cook, who are, we understand, teachers in the Michigan Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. The first issue contains twenty-four pages, is well printed and of a convenient size. The articles are of a practical nature, and are in general well written and well thought out. We think this publication is likely to prove useful to teachers of the deaf, but we hope its success will not be won at the expense of the *Annals*, which is and has been a credit to the profession. There ought to be room for both the old publication and the new, and we wish success to both.

AN ASTONISHING PRANK.**Brother Rabbit's Mode of Getting Even With Judge Bear.**

We find that Uncle Remus still keeps his popularity with our pupils, and so we allow that venerable and genial negro to tell our readers this month, the story of

BROTHER RABBIT'S ASTONISHING PRANK.

One day Brother Rabbit thought that he might as well make a call at old Judge Bear's house. You may think this strange, as the old Judge and Brother Rabbit were not on good terms, but you will understand it when I tell you that he waited until all the Bear family had gone out. He lay low in the bushes until they came out and walked out of sight down the road. Old Judge Bear with his gold headed cane, Mrs. Bear with her parasol, and the two young Bears, named Kubs and Klubs. Then he went into the house and made a bee line for the pantry, where he knew that he would find something nice, as Mrs. Bear was a famous housekeeper. Sure enough, he found a pan of honey on the top shelf, but when he tried to get it down he spilt it all over himself, so that he was drenched from head to foot. Now he was in a box, sure enough. If he staid there, Brother Bear would find him when he came, and would flog him within an inch of his life, while if he went out of doors, the wasps and bees would sting him. At last he concluded to go out and roll in the leaves, to try and rub the honey off. Well, the more he rolled, the more he didn't rub the honey off. At last he gave it up and started for home, with the dry leaves sticking to him, and rustling as he went. The first one of the creatures that he met was Old Sis Cow, and she stuck her tail up in the air and ran off as fast as she could, bellowing loudly. "Well," thought Brother Rabbit, "there must be something mighty curious about these leaves and this honey, to make a steady, quiet creature, like Mrs. Cow, go distracted in broad day light. So he waited around in the bushes until he saw the Bear family coming up the road. When they got pretty near him, he jumped up and showed himself, with the leaves sticking to him. Mrs. Bear threw away her parasol, Kubs and Klubs took their hats in their hands, and all made off as fast as they could. Old Judge Bear tried to face it out, but when Old Brother Rabbit jumped up and down, he could not stand it and he, too, took to his heels, tearing down a whole panel of rail fence in his haste. Brother Rabbit was greatly tickled and it occurred to him that he would like to meet his old enemies Brother Fox and Brother Wolf. By good luck it happened that they were just then coming up the road together, laying some plan to injure Brother Rabbit. When they got pretty near, he jumped out of the bushes and began to sidle towards them, looking as fierce as he could. Brother Fox fled at once, but Brother Wolf, who wished to appear very brave, stood his ground and asked in a loud tone: "Who are you?" Brother Rabbit replied: "I'm the Will of the Wisp; I'm the Will of the Wisp! And you are the man I am after!" With that he started for Brother Wolf, who gave a howl, and as Uncle Remus says, fairly split the air, he ran so fast. Brother

Rabbit laughed till his sides ached. A few days after, he saw Brother Wolf again and called out: "I'm the Will of the Wisp!" at which Mr. Wolf ran away, and when he was at a safe distance, Brother Rabbit showed himself and laughed. Brother Wolf was ashamed that he had been so badly scared by a rabbit. Brother Rabbit told Mrs. Meadows and the girls about it, and the next time Mr. Wolf called there the girls giggled and giggled, and at last one of them asked him if he was not afraid the Will of the Wisp might catch him.

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THE NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR Deaf-Mutes, established by act approved March 31st, 1882, offers its advantages on the following conditions: The candidate must be a resident of the State, not less than eight nor more than twenty-one years of age, deaf, and of sufficient physical health and intellectual capacity to profit by the instruction afforded. The person making application for the admission of a child as a pupil is required to fill out a blank form, furnished for the purpose, giving necessary information in regard to the case. The application must be accompanied by a certificate from a county judge or county clerk of the county, or the chosen freeholder or township clerk of the township, or the mayor of the city, where the applicant resides, also by a certificate from two freeholders of the county. These certificates are printed on the same sheet with the forms of application, and are accompanied by full directions for filling them out. Blank forms of application, and any desired information in regard to the school, may be obtained by writing to the following address:

Weston Jenkins, A. M.,
Trenton, N. J. Superintendent.